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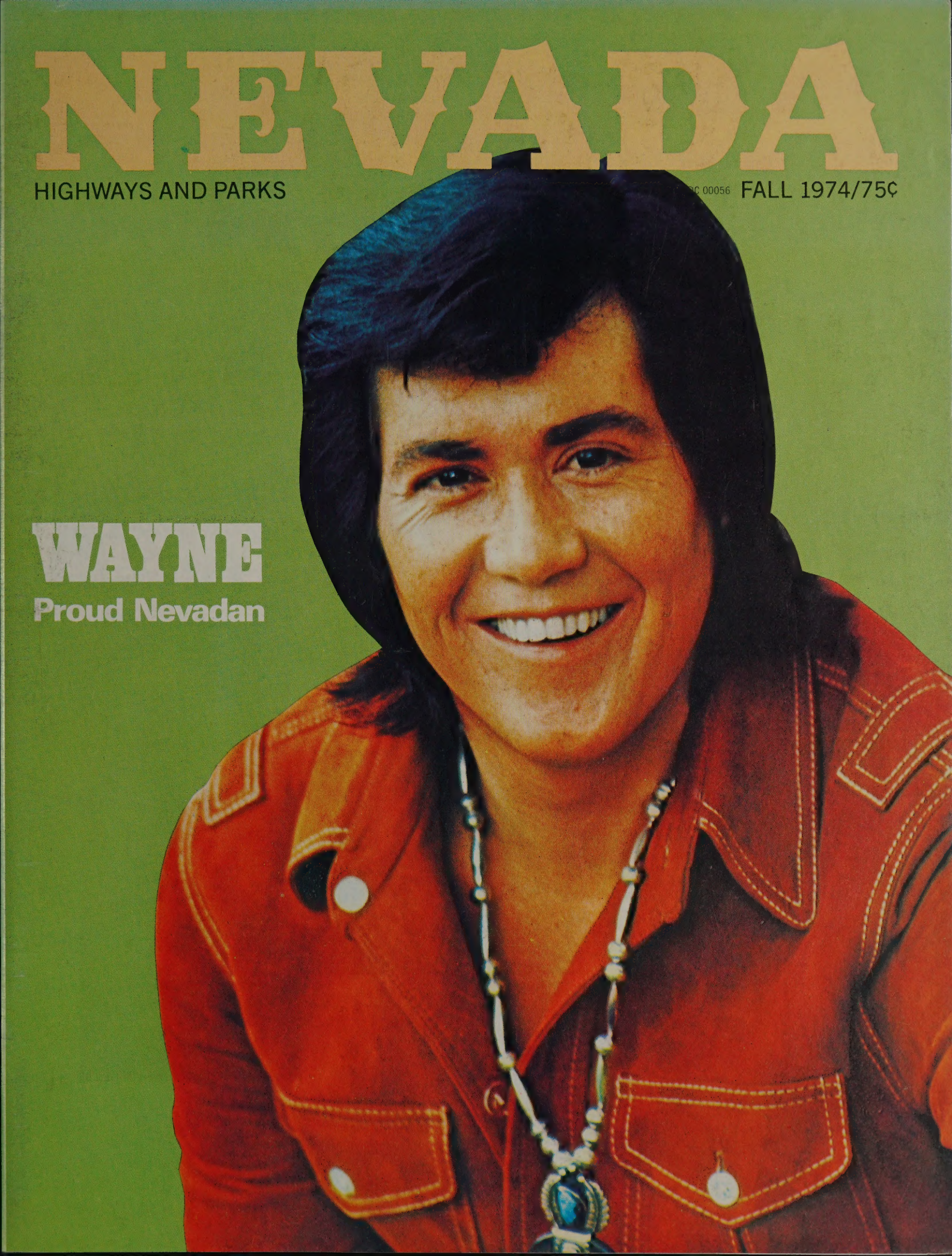

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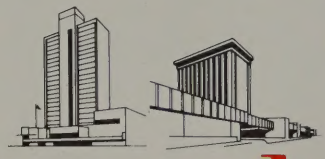

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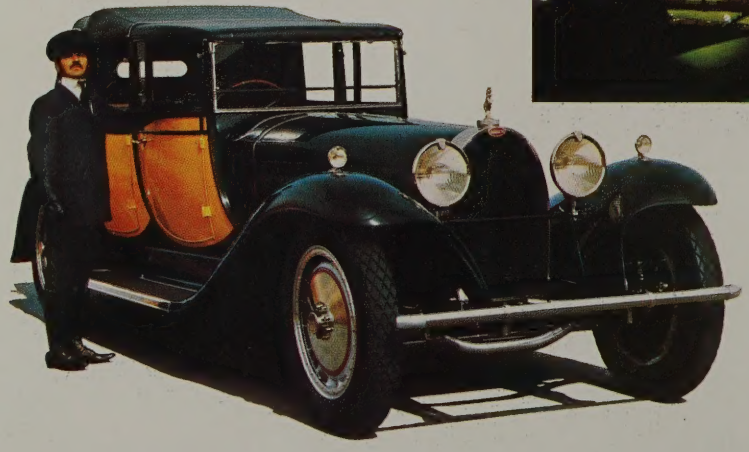

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NEVADA

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Advertising and Promotion
is handled directly from the editorial offices in Carson City. Phone (702) 882-5416.

Change of Address
or correspondence, write: Nevada Magazine, Carson City, Nevada 89701. For change of address please report old as well as new address. Phone (702) 882-5416.

Nevada Highways and Parks
is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Highways, Carson City, Nevada © Copyright 1974 by the State of Nevada. Second class postage permit, Carson City, Nevada with additional entry in Denver, Colo.

Subscription Rates
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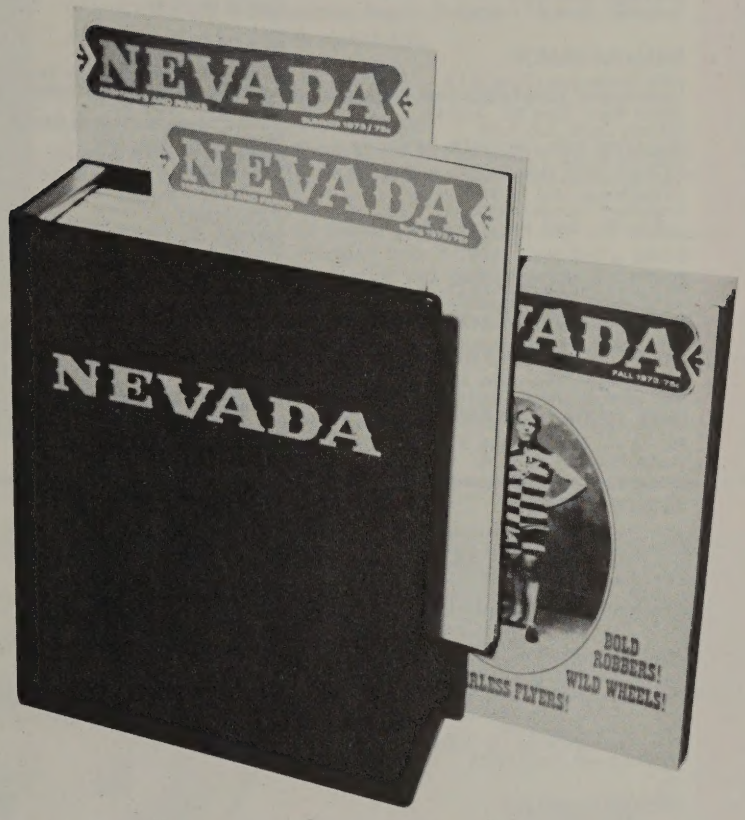

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Bill Page, June 2-23
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SAHARA TAHOE
Fifth Dimension, June 3-13
Isaac Hayes, June 14-20
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Leslie Uggams, Myron Cohen, June 27 - July 10
Connie Stevens, Charlie Callas, July 11-31
Marty Allen, Aug. 1-21
Lovelace Watkins, Aug. 22 - Sept. 11
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Johnny Cash, Aug. 5-11
Elvis Presley, Aug. 19 - Sept. 2
Bill Cosby, Sept. 3-16

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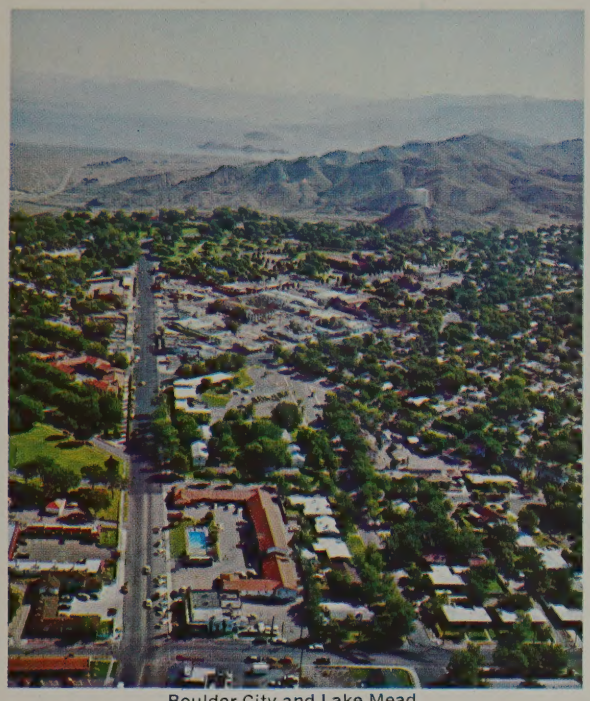

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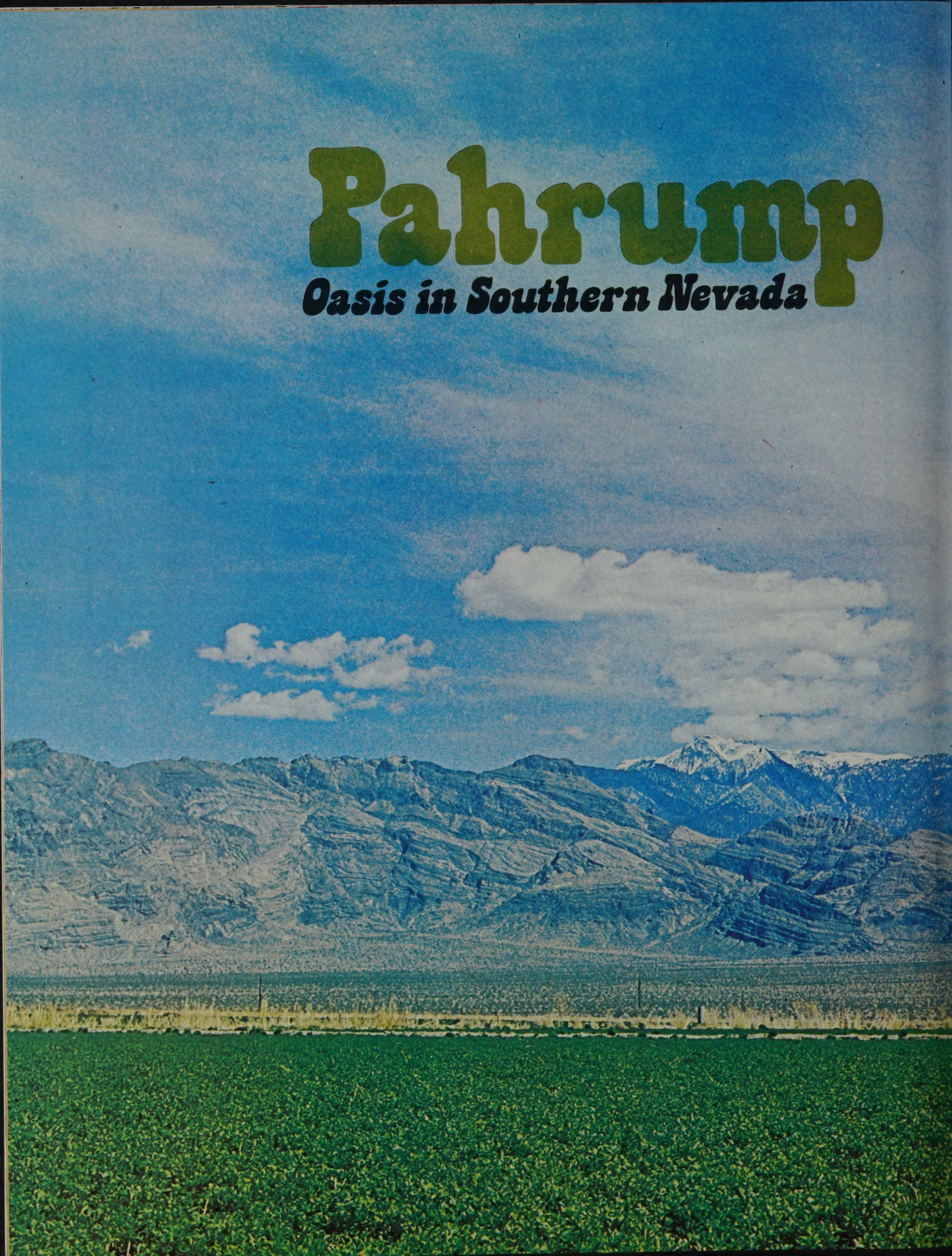


By MURRAY WESTGATE

A swift 850-mile-an-hour jet swoops low over the high mountain meadow where once wagon trains and bandits battled over the terrain. Today there is a new kind of battle raging over the Pahrump Valley—trying to keep the area from being too rapidly developed.

For today a visitor looks at the valley as perhaps the pioneers did decades earlier, dreaming of the possibilities of growth and development in the sprawling land before their eyes. Already the town of Pahrump and the lush, fertile surrounding area have grown far beyond the expectations of the first people who settled there "trying to get away from it all" just a few score years ago.

There are today about 3,000 permanent residents in the Pahrump Valley. Twenty five years ago you could tell what the population was by simply looking around — there were only 76 residents. Since Pahrump was founded in 1891 as an Indian rancheria it has been a slowly beckoning attraction to visionary ranchers and farmers, progressive land developers and city-weary residents of Las Vegas and Los Angeles. Although its environment is similar to that of nearby Death Valley, its great asset is the shadowing Spring Mountain Range and towering Charleston Peak looming 11,700 feet above the valley's east base. That setting provides the area with ideal weather conditions year around and has supported the area's agricultural economy which has been the mainstay until recently.

The area's cotton crop produced more than a million and a half dollars last year and it's expected to be even bigger this year. Pahrump has its own cotton gin operated by Jackie Ruud, the only woman cotton-gin manager in the western states. Mrs. Ruud came to Pahrump Valley in 1958 with her husband to grow alfalfa seed, but she moved into marketing and buying of cotton and now processes more than 2,500 bales a year.

What makes Pahrump cotton valuable is that it has a longer staple (or raw fiber) than that grown in the South or California. It brings a premium price because of its strength. Cotton buyers look to Pahrump quality because it spins longer, finer threads. Nevada cotton is ginned and trucked over to Kern County, California

where it is marketed through a growers' cooperative. This year the Pahrump Valley crop produced a bale and a half an acre and some 2,200 acres were under cotton cultivation. More acreage will be under production next year but it takes two or three years to cultivate the land to remove alkali that will not retard the cotton production in full growth. Meanwhile there are other crops.

Alfalfa grows so liberally over the land that ranches are able to cut five to six harvests during the year.

Such a prolific alfalfa yield prompted advance purchase of the crop by a major feed company and rancher-legislator Tim Hafen put up a $100,000 plant to cut, cube and load alfalfa feed for shipment. Rancher Ray Wilcox could say that his future sure smells sweet too.

Wilcox has nearly one hundred acres of mint planted in the north part of the valley. The yield has been excellent and Wilcox has become a member of the valley's controversial farming element by using geese to control the weeds and grasses that grow among the mint plants. Herbicides are used before the plantings, but the geese are brought in after the plants begin to grow and chemicals cannot be used to control weeds. The system has been effective and Wilcox's operations netted a record yield of mint last year.

Farmers and ranches also obtain record yields in the valley for such diversified crops as corn, peaches, apricots, almonds, pecans and figs. The valley is also one of the few areas where pistachio nuts are successfully grown.

If Pahrump Valley appears to be an ideal agricultural area, it is that and much more. It is also

Blue skies, green leaves and a beauty amidst *(right)*. She is Brooke Dickson.

A rich cotton harvest.

attracting numbers of land buyers and developers. Most of the developers are responsive to the future development and orderly growth of the valley. The largest company, Preferred Equities Corporation, practices that belief every day and is building a complex called Calvada Valley. Already Calvada has changed the Pahrump landscape. A paved and well-lighted entrance road into their 10,500 acres leads to a restaurant, well-stocked grocery store, bar, gaming room and sales offices. Calvada's President, Jack Soules says the company has already sold half of their 15,000 lots and by the time development is completed in 1980 the investment will reach more than $20,000,000. Soules, a quiet-spoken transplanted Canadian civil engineer, construction man and realtor, says the growth rate of Nevada is fantastic and the Pahrump Valley development will eventually house a population of fifty thousand residents, not all in the Calvada area.

A few acres behind the ambitious and orderly development of Calvada is a small mobile home housing two engineers who will spend their working hours on the valley floor for the next year. Streaking across a dirt road with a jeep bearing license plates "Pahrump" is the owner of the mobile home and employer of the engineers, Norman Dacus. Dacus is typical of the smaller land developer in the valley but by the time he completes his 2,000-acre Green Saddle Ranch he will have invested more than twenty-five million dollars. That amount will finance a man-made lake, a shopping center and recreational facilities for the nearly four thousand people who will eventually make their homes on Green Saddle property. Dacus, a former Uni-

PHOTOS BY JIM REINHELLER

Ray Wulfenstein *(top)* takes a close-up look. Jackie Ruud *(above)*, an enterprising businesswoman.

Carl Floyd *(left)*, another busy rancher and his product.

versity of Georgia football player says he's typical of many Americans who come to Nevada to retire. He spent a few days here, then a few more days and soon Nevada was more comfortable than being "at home." Looking for a place to slow down is a goal for most of them, but the prospects for the future in Pahrump has continued to move all of them into different and exciting futures.

Ray Wulfenstein, a former Las Vegas machinist and race car driver moved himself and his family to Pahrump three years ago. He had sold all his assets and wanted to start over. Wulfenstein has been instrumental in supporting the town's new high school, its budding football and basketball teams and recently formed an Explorer Boy Scouts post. As to the future Wulfenstein says the area is primed for every type of commercial business venture. Wulfenstein at 36 is typical of the younger people with families who have staked a new pioneering concept in this valley, 2,600 feet in altitude.

Perhaps the biggest development to encourage

Recent pioneers — Norman Dacus, Brooke Dickson and Ray Wulfenstein.

A festive barbecue draws eager customers every September during the Pahrump Valley Day celebration *(above)*.

The attractive new restaurant at Calvada *(left)*.

growth in the valley in addition to its abundant underground water supply was the establishment of electrical power. Again, rancher-legislator Tim Hafen, an official of the Valley Electric Association board of directors, is optimistic about future expansion. "We're using only fifty per cent of our power capacity," says Hafen, "but in only three years we expect to need more." Hafen says the next big project is to expand access into the valley. That will come with future funding of a new highway to Las Vegas through Wheeler Pass just north of Mt. Charleston in the Spring Mountain Range. Hafen points at the Pahrump High School nearing completion as evidence of the growth of the area. "There are already 250 students ready to occupy the classrooms when we open and its capacity is only about 500."

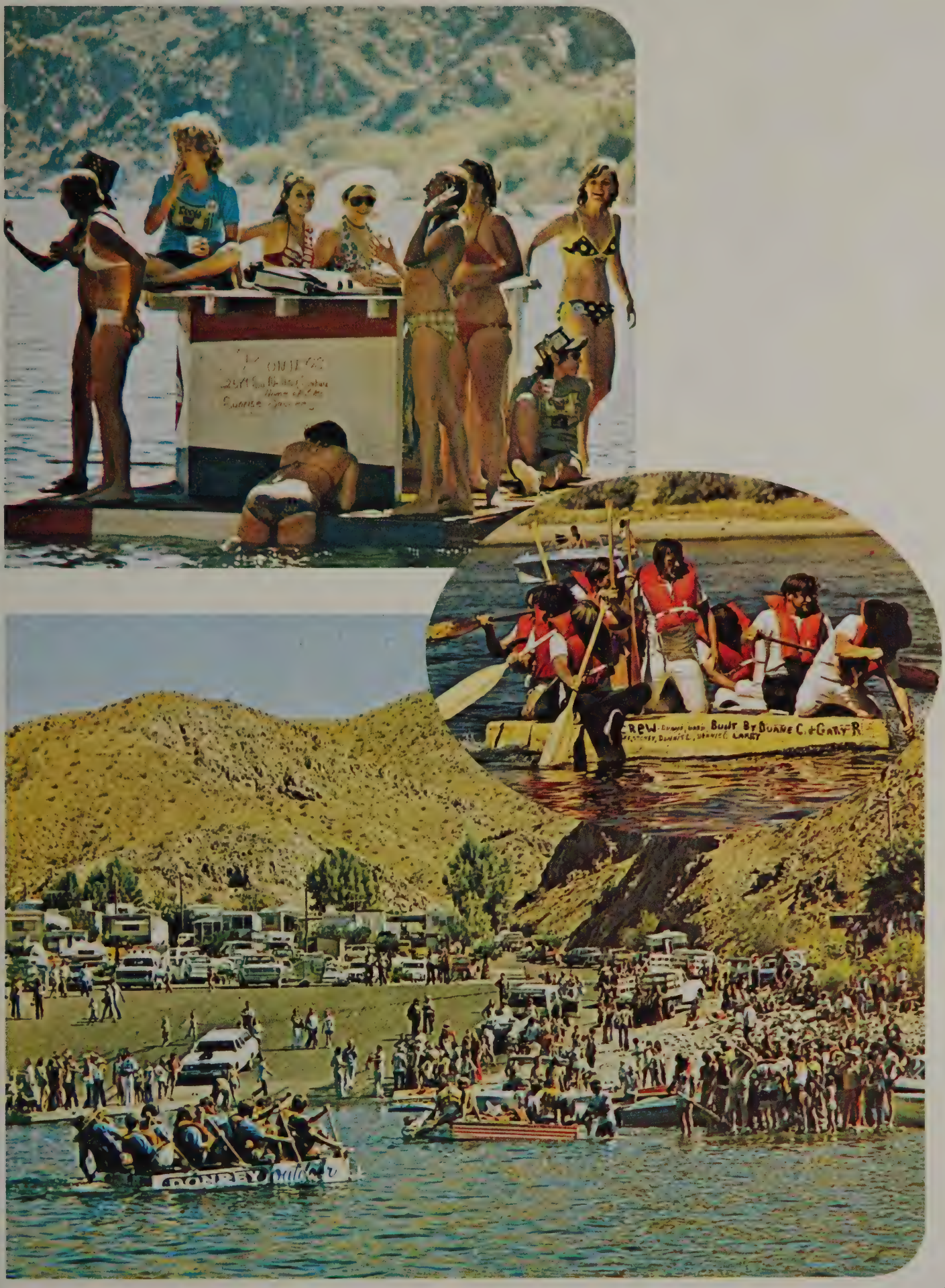
Whatever direction Hafen and other legislators may take with regard to growth in Nevada, Pahrump is an unusual example of an area that has moved swiftly from the past to the future.

Assemblyman Tim Hafen with his daughter, Jane.

Canoe Capers on the Colorado

What a better caper for the kids? A raft race on the Colorado River in southern Nevada where all that water can be found. The annual contest is sponsored by Jaycee clubs from the area, seven local clubs participating as well as the Tonopah unit which lies many miles to the north. It's for fun as well as prizes and everyone — parents and a large crowd of spectators — enjoy the action. The next event will be held, as usual, in late September.

Photos by Eugene E. Hertzog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GODFREY outdoors

NEVADA'S SUFFRAGETS

BATTLE FOR THE VOTE

By PHILLIP I. EARL

The current debate over "Women's Liberation," obscures the fact that the issue has been with America for the greater part of her history. Throughout the Nineteenth Century wide-ranging critiques of the role of women in society were common in forums of public debate, as were demands for a whole range of feminist reforms. As the era entered its closing decades however, the drive for enfranchisement as a means whereby other reforms could be achieved became the single focus of the "Women's Movement."

In Nevada the issue first came up in February, 1869 during a legislative debate on the Fifteenth Amendment which proposed to give the vote to newly-freed black males. Assemblyman C. J. Hillyer of Storey County spoke at length on striking the word "male" from the Suffrage Clause of the Nevada Constitution, but his colleagues tabled and killed the motion. Sentiment in favor of the constitutional change did not die out however, and the issue came up again in 1883, 1895, 1897 and 1899, passing one legislative house or the other several times, but never receiving the necessary approval of both houses in the same session.

Local women's clubs debated the issue countless times and the Women's Christian Temperance Union worked mightily to keep it before the public, seeing the franchise for women as a means of attacking the "Demon Rum." Several reform-minded editors used their columns to maintain interest in the reform and veteran feminist leaders Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Chapman Catt and Anna Howard Shaw toured the state in the 1890's speaking on behalf of its voteless women. At one time in the 1890's there was a functioning chapter of the Lucy Stone Non-Partisan Equal Suffrage League in Nevada and in 1895 Nevada women organized the Nevada State Equal Suffrage Association. The group ceased to function after the legislative

Anna Martin, leader of the Nevada Sufferage Campaign, about 1901.

defeats of the late nineties however, and votes for women did not again become a public issue until 1910.

Even though they lacked the vote, Nevada women were not politically inactive during the first decade of the new century. Local women's clubs interested themselves in such civic projects as sidewalks, street paving, parks, municipal water systems and improvements in their local schools. On the state level women petitioned for and supported such reforms as closing saloons at midnight, lengthening the residency requirement for divorce, enactment of pure food and drug laws, child labor laws and laws dealing with working conditions for women. A good many men were also interested in these reforms and the support they received from the state's women did much to smooth the way when suffrage again became an issue in Nevada politics.

Wyoming and Utah had granted the vote to their women very early and several western states had enacted some form of partial suffrage by the turn of the new century. Between 1900 and 1911 active and successful suffrage campaigns were conducted in Washington, Oregon, California, Colorado and Idaho and the resulting publicity once again stirred interest in the movement in Nevada, as did the rather violent and bizarre movement in England which was widely publicized in the United States.

One of those arrested in a 1909 London demonstration was Miss Anne Martin, a Nevada girl who hit a bobby over the head with a huge sign emblazoned with the slogan "Nevada Votes for Women." A native of Nevada whose father had been a prominent Reno businessman, Miss Martin was a graduate of Bishop Whittaker's School for Girls and the University of Nevada. After obtaining an advanced degree in history from Stanford University, she returned to Nevada to become the founder and first chairman of the Department of History at the University. Following the death of her father in 1901 she resigned her position to go to Europe for further study. It was in London that she became acquainted with English feminist leaders and embarked upon a course of action which would soon alter not only the history of her own native state, but that of her nation as well.

In the fall of 1911 she arrived back in Reno to find that the Legislature of that year had taken the first step in giving the vote to the women of the state and that an active suffrage organization, the Nevada Equal Franchise Society, had been founded in Reno. She became active in the organization and in February of 1912 acceeded to its presidency when Mrs. Margaret Stanislawsky, its first leader, resigned to move to California. Miss Jeannie Wier, the head of the university's history department, and Miss Felice Cohn, a prominent Carson City lawyer, had been the leading lights in the movement thus far and resented Anne Martin's late intrusion upon the scene. Her well-publicized association with militant English leaders caused some to question the wisdom of having her associated with the leadership of the Nevada campaign, but the membership strongly supported her.

Miss Martin felt that the 1911 vote of the Legislature was a "complimentary" on the part of the lawmakers and that the real battle would be the second passage in 1913. With only nine months between the time she assumed the presidency and the 1912 elections, there was much work to be done. Her first move was to establish a press bureau in Reno to supply the state's 45 newspapers with suffrage news. She also set up a speakers' bureau to arrange lecture tours and ordered subscriptions to the *Women's Journal* for public libraries, railroad reading rooms, literary societies and the state's school districts. A Men's Equal Franchise Society was founded in the early months of 1912, as was a College Equal Franchise League on the university campus.

She toured Ormsby, Lyon and Storey Counties in April and May of 1912 to help set up county franchise societies and men's advisory boards and found that there was much interest in the question of votes for women in the outlying areas. Eureka County established its own branch society in April and women in every other county were contacting the Reno headquarters for information on starting their own societies. Even in the most isolated of mining camps and farming communities where there were not enough women to start a suffrage club, she always found it possible to find at least one woman to distribute literature and talk up the issue when the occasion presented itself.

Although the vote seemed a matter of simple justice to many an average Nevada housewife or workingman, those who took the lead in seeking it for the women of the state fell into a distinct social category. Most of the women leaders were of a better-educated class and held prominent positions in their churches, literary and civic clubs and in the upper social strata of their communities, such as it was in small Nevada towns. The men were likewise a cut above the ordinary socially and politically, most being

Many women did not share the same opinion on the question of the vote. This handbill was published by ladies opposed to suffrage in 1914.

lawyers, judges, clergymen, educators, journalists or businessmen.

Hundreds of columns of suffrage news went out in 1912 and even those editors who had some doubts about the wisdom of the reform graciously consented to finding a place for them. Several lecture series on political and suffrage matters were conducted by one or another of the county branches and several speakers of national prominence brought into the state. The famous educator Charlotte Perkins Gillman lectured in several towns, as did Miss Gail Laughlin of Colorado who told Nevada audiences how the enfranchisement of women in her state had worked out. Senator Clark of Wyoming also appeared in Reno on behalf of the movement and Nevada's own Governor, Tasker L. Oddie, spoke on the topic, "What Nevada Expects of the Women of the State," before a women's club meeting in Goldfield.

Another important endorsement came from the American Bar Association, although the Nevada Bar Association took no position on the matter in a meeting held in November, 1912. Nevada's Democratic, Socialist, Progressive and Prohibitionist Parties also passed resolutions of support, but the Republican leadership took the position that suffrage was not a party issue. A particularly meaningful endorsement came from ex-President Theodore Roosevelt who spoke in Reno in September, 1912 as the Progressive Party's presidential candidate.

Eureka's branch society sponsored an essay contest in the local high school in April, 1912 and the ladies of Virginia City put on a Leap Year Dance and Party at which no woman was allowed to remain seated while a man was standing. The Storey County society also carried Anne Martin's famous "Nevada Votes For Women" placard in the Comstock's 1912 Independence Day parade.

Nevada suffragettes also got out a leaflet of suffrage songs, one of which was "Let the Lassies Try," to be sung to the tune of "Coming Through the Rye:"

"If a lassie wants the ballot
To help run the town,
If a lassie gets the ballot,
Need a laddie frown.
Many a laddie has the ballot,
Not so bright as I.
Many a laddie writes his ballot
Overcome with RYE.

Chorus

Every laddie has the franchise,
None they say have I.
Hands and hearts and brains for service,
Let the lassies try.

If a lassie works for wages,
Toiling all the day,
When her work the laddie's equals,
Give her equal pay.
If a body pays the taxes,
Surely you'll agree,
That a body earns the franchise
Whether HE or SHE.

Circular letters on the suffrage question went out to all legislative candidates before both the primary and general elections in 1912 and few men had the courage to come out in direct opposition. Indeed, with the exception of former Governor Denver Dickerson, there was hardly a murmur of public opposition in 1912.

There were some problems nation-

ally however. The leader of the Daughters of the American Revolution spoke out strongly against suffrage in a New York speech in December of 1912 and advocated that suffragettes be publicly spanked in the streets. Anne Martin, who happened to be in the East speaking and raising funds, said publicly that the good lady and those who agreed with her should be relegated to the nursery and have their mouths washed out with soap and water. She further contended that such women had no more understanding of the movement than a small boy understood of the vulgarities he spewed at those who were older and wiser.

With the ringing endorsement of Governor Oddie in his 1913 Legislative Message, the suffrage resolution fairly sailed through both the Senate and the Assembly in the early weeks of the session, only three votes in opposition coming from each house. Suffrage leaders were on hand to lobby the resolution and their supporters packed the galleries to urge their representatives on and applaud the final decision.

Under Nevada's Constitution, the resolution establishing women's right to vote had to be approved next by the male voters of the state at either a special or general election before it could become a part of the state's basic law. Anne Martin tried to whip up sentiment for a special election in 1913, but was unsuccessful and the women of the state had to await the results of the November, 1914 election to see if they were to become full citizens, although the issue was in little doubt during the final months of the drive.

In December of 1912 Miss Bird Wilson, a Goldfield lawyer and a suffrage organizer in the southern part of the state, put out a pamphlet entitled *Women Under Nevada Law* which appraised many Nevadans of legal discriminations to which they had otherwise given little thought. Over the next two years 100,000 copies of the publication were distributed statewide and did much to soften the attitudes of many male voters otherwise inclined to oppose the franchise for the opposite sex. A good many women, previously unaware of how they and their sisters were treated, also came into the movement after reading the small booklet.

Anne Martin had chosen her county leaders well and the branch societies operated with little central direction over the next two years. A suffrage drama, "A Woman's Wont," was staged in several counties in 1913 and an English piece, "How the Vote was Won," was put on in 1914 to raise funds and generate interest in the question. The productions drew huge crowds from both sexes in even the remotest areas, although perhaps for no other reason than that they provided some relief from the humdrum and boredom of rural life.

Several branches used the lure of musical and literary programs to attract women to their meetings, while others staged card parties, showed lantern slides or sponsored speakers on various topics of interest to women. A member of the Winnemucca branch, Miss Dora Giroux, learned the tango while on a trip to San Francisco and upon her return taught it to those women who attended one of the meetings. The dance was thereafter referred to as the "Suffrage Tango."

Suffrage calendars were sold by the thousands and platoons of small boys hired to plaster "Votes for Women" posters to every tree, barn and telephone pole in the state. The issue was also extensively debated in classrooms and the College Equal Franchise

Eureka's Suffrage Parade, July 4, 1914.

PHOTOS COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A list of Washoe County legislative candidates pledged to equal suffrage in the 1912 election.

A piece of literature (facing page) from the registration campaign of 1915. The women had gotten the vote, but it was another thing to get them to use it.

League sponsored a suffrage essay contest in the schools with cash prizes for the best papers, the idea being that parents would get the message through their children. Some school officials opposed such exercises as attempts to mix politics and education, but School Superintendent J. Edward Bray gave his approval. Several high school girls joined Eureka's branch, even though they were not old enough to vote, and two of them were elected president and vice president of Eureka High School in October, 1914, the first females to hold such positions in the entire history of the state. Even the Campfire Girls became involved and several members of a Gardnerville troop took to wearing "Votes for Women" badges on their bandoleers.

Libraries on political and governmental affairs were set up by several branches and many women took up the study of such subjects as parliamentary law, trust regulation, tariff legislation and financial questions. Other branches more prosaically confined themselves to homier matters such as fire prevention, better nutrition, health problems of children and new concepts of pre-natal care.

Statistics on the taxes paid by Nevada women were compiled to bolster the argument that they were indeed taxed without representation, a telling argument when the figures were recited before various groups.

Suffragettes from Reno and Carson City took part in "Good Roads Day" in 1914 by driving up and down the road between the two cities passing out lunches and cold drinks to men slaving away in the hot sun. They also entered a float in Reno's 1914 Independence Day parade which was emblazoned with the slogan "Nevada, Don't Keep Your Women Out," to which many male spectators shouted back "Don't worry ladies, we won't" as it passed by.

Eureka's feminists also entered their town's parade in 1914. They rode in carriages bedecked with yellow ribbons and suffrage slogans and were followed by several men and boys on foot carrying suffrage signs. One man, dressed as an Indian, carried a placard reading "Everybody Votes But Mother." Close on his heels was a small boy toting a banner reading "Why Can't Mother Vote Too?"

Anne Martin made several trips east in 1913 and 1914, showing lantern slides of Nevada's mines, farms, progressive little towns and fine university. She had become something of a celebrity in her own right by this time and drew huge crowds in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Kentucky. In her speeches she told of the many ranchers and their wives who would ride for an entire day to get in to hear her speak. She also told of the courtesy with which she was treated by miners and cowboys and of one particular wrangler who told her that he had held meetings with his fellows at round-up time and had converted many to the suffrage cause.

In her tours through Nevada, Anne Martin claimed to have talked personally with every one of the some 20,000 or so prospective male voters in the state and to have covered some 6,000 miles by automobile, carriage, horseback and on foot. One of her most effective arguments in the rural areas was her contention that the franchise would draw more women into Nevada

VOTES FOR WOMEN

Legislative Candidates from whom written replies have been received, pledging themselves to vote to pass the woman suffrage amendment on to the electorate for adoption or rejection at the next General Election.

FOR THE SENATE

W. H. Cordill — Socialist
James Gault — Independent
W. D. Jones — Democrat

FOR THE ASSEMBLY

DEMOCRATS

Geo. N. BACHENBERG
A. J. MELVILLE
W. M. GARDINER
J. P. MORRILL
J. W. GEROW
R. M. PRESTON
WM. L. HACKER

REPUBLICANS

F. R. BYRAN
A. W. HOLMES
R. A. GOTT
J. LOZANO
FRED B. HART
GEO. F. TRANTER
J. L. HASH
JOHN W. WRIGHT
G. E. HOLESWORTH

PROGRESSIVES

BENJAMIN CURLER
C. A. RICHARDSON
C. M. NEASHAM
FRANK SAVAGE
GEO. PECKHAM
ISIDORE WOOD

SOCIALISTS

C. J. BECHER
C. W. GALLOWAY
J. T. BRENNAN
A. GRANT MILLER
C. W. FARRINGTON
ANDREW SOLARI
JUD HARRIS

Vote For These Men who have given their pledge to help free the women of Nevada, that NEVADA may rank with the six other States where women have this human right: CALIFORNIA, COLORADO, IDAHO, UTAH, WASHINGTON AND WYOMING.

Votes For Women in Nevada in 1914

Published by the NEVADA EQUAL FRANCHISE SOCIETY

NOVEMBER 2, 1912 — 39 North Virginia Street, Reno

WOMEN OF RENO

You Are Now Citizens Entitled To Vote

in the

CITY ELECTION, MAY 4

The registration office is at the City Hall and is open daily from 10 A.M. to 6 P. M. and from 7 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Registration Closes April 23rd at 6 P. M.

REGISTER NOW!

from surrounding states, but in a more serious vein she maintained that the men of Nevada had enough to do in just making a living without the additional burden of making all the state's political decisions and seeing to the enforcement of all its laws without the aid and advice of their womenfolk. In effect, she said that women, through the vote, would liberate their men.

On May 2, 1914 Nevada's suffragettes celebrated "Women's Independence Day." In most areas the festivity consisted of speeches extolling the role of women in history and the necessity of bringing them into public life in a formal sense, but the ladies of Reno, in addition, sponsored a band concert and an appearance by the University Men's Glee Club. Hawthorne's feminists arranged a performance of children's folk dances to vary the oratorical fare of the day. Later in the month "Self-Denial Week" was observed in Nevada, those women in the movement giving up all luxuries and donating the money saved to the cause. The week was also observed in surrounding suffrage states and the monies gleaned from the effort sent in to the Reno headquarters.

Although there had been some dissension over leadership in 1912, not until 1913 did the Nevada movement meet with any serious opposition. Miss Martin and Felice Cohn had a falling-out over tactics and strategy in March, 1913 and the latter organized a short-lived faction of the movement under the name of the "Nevada Non-Militant Equal Suffrage Society." The two soon patched up their differences, but Anne Martin's past associations with the English movement became something of an issue in the campaign. When the question came up, she faced it unflinchingly, telling her audiences that English women had tried peaceful methods for over half a century and gotten exactly nowhere. They and their supporters, she said, had finally come to the conclusion that only violence would impress Parliament.

A more serious threat came from the National Association Opposed to Women's Suffrage, an eastern organization financed in part by big liquor and vice interests. The organization financed and distributed anti-suffrage literature in Nevada in 1913 and 1914 and sent Miss Minnie Bronson and Mrs. J. D. Olyphant on speaking tours through the state. Both contended that most women were happier staying home and had no interest in politics. They also claimed that the crusade was being led by a few man-haters who sought only their own self-advancement. Both toured the state in the fall of 1913 and in the spring of 1914 and in May of the latter year a state branch of the organization was formed in Reno under the leadership of Mrs. Jewett Adams, the wife of a former Nevada Governor. Chapters were also formed in Carson City, Virginia City and Winnemucca, but the influence of the anti-suffs was minimal as they lacked the close-knit organizational structure of the Equal Franchise society.

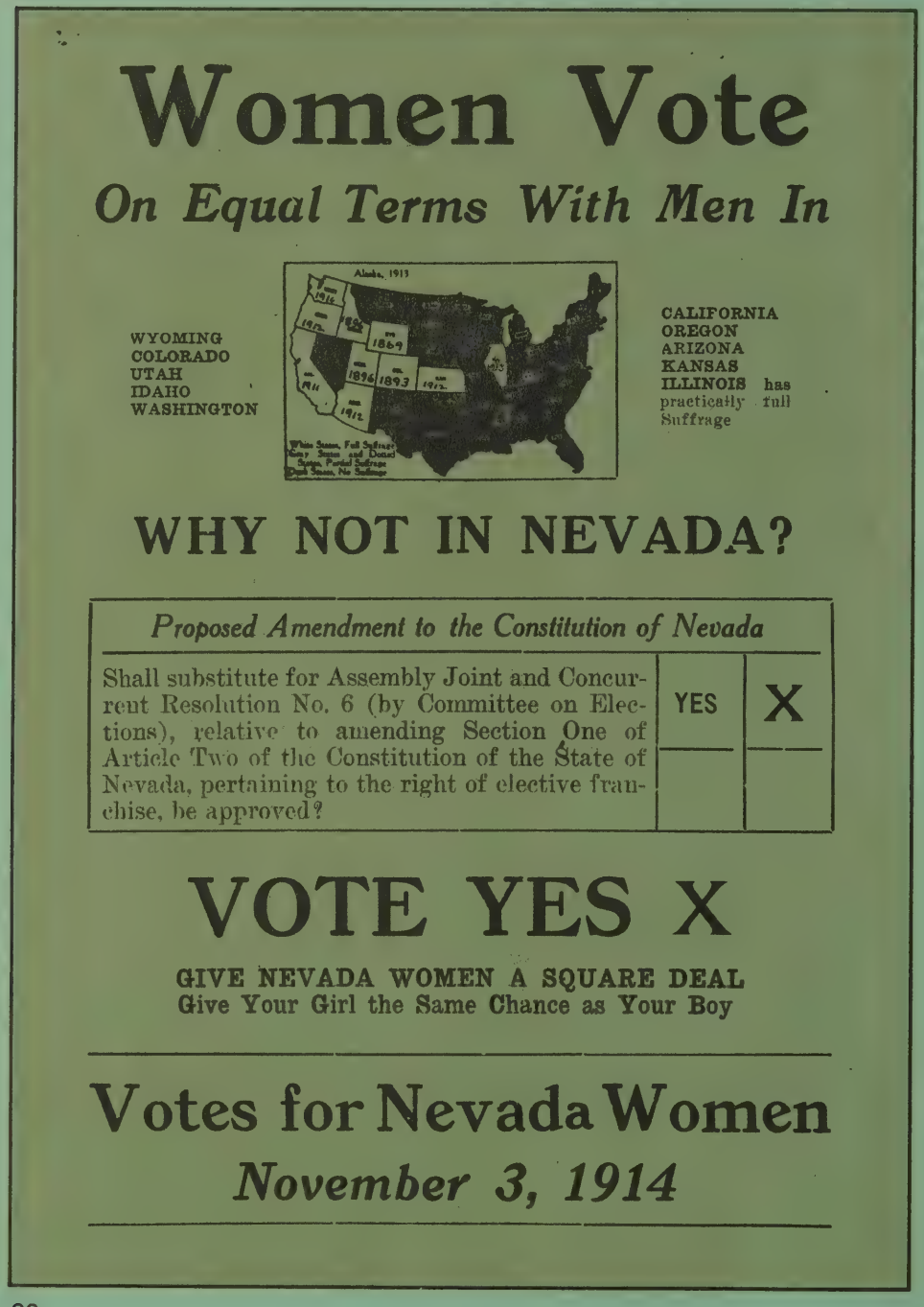
Most suffrage speakers were treated with courtesy, but on occasion they were heckled by members of the audience. Anna Howard Shaw, speaking in Winnemucca in October, 1914, two months after the outbreak of World War I, engaged the following exchange during her address:

"Would you go to Germany to fight the Germans?" she was asked by a male member of the audience.

"No," she replied.

"Would you fight the Germans if they came over here?" he persisted.

"No," she answered, "Why should



A piece of 1914 literature (left) compared Nevada unfavorably to other Western states where women could already vote.

MEN AND WOMEN OF RENO

CONSIDER

Ten Vital Reasons For Limiting Reno's Saloons to Forty

1. THE LEGAL LIMIT IS NOW FIFTY—

   Since 1911 an ordinance providing for limiting Reno's saloons to 50 has been the law, and has not been enforced. So the proposed legal limit of 40 is not a drastic change.

2. THE ORDINANCE CAN BE ENFORCED IN AN EQUITABLE MANNER, WITH JUST COMPENSATION—

   a. Read the ordinance and note that the forty licenses are to be granted to applicants according to their moral character, location and reputation of business, etc.

   b. The Council has full power now to pass supplementary ordinances to raise the cost of licenses in Reno and provide a sinking fund to compensate fairly every saloon for just loss, where license is not renewed, as is being done in Sacramento. This power the Council NOW has.

3. GRAFT AND CORRUPTION WILL BE DECREASED—

   The enforcement of the ordinance will decrease graft and corruption, by eliminating many saloons where graft and corruption flourish. IT'S ENFORCEMENT WILL ERADICATE SALOONS FROM THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT.

3. IT WILL REDUCE THE AMOUNT OF LIQUOR SOLD—

   If it will not reduce the amount of liquor sold, as stated by the Reno Brewing Company, why do the breweries and allied liquor interests oppose it? This strenuous opposition of the liquor interests is one of the strongest arguments for the ordinance.

4. IT WILL BREAK UP THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC MONOPOLY—

   Recent testimony before the Grand Jury showed that 80% of the liquor licenses of Reno are under control of the breweries. This wholesale system of controlling the retail liquor trade is pernicious. The fair enforcement of the ordinance will give licenses to forty individual proprietors of good character.

5. THE CITY REVENUES WILL INCREASE—

   It will increase the city revenues through raising all licenses.

6. IT WILL MEAN PROSPERITY—

   Reno's drink bill is estimated at $65,000 per month. Where will this enormous sum (now wasted), go with fewer saloons? It will remain in the community. This money put in the banks and into legitimate business to develop new pay rolls will INCREASE the demand for stores and houses, will find employment for hundreds of men now idle.

7. IT WILL INCREASE PROPERTY VALUES AND LOWER TAXES—

Though this 1915 poster did not call for absolute temperance, the measure was easily defeated at the polls.

Anne Martin campaigned throughout the state in 1920 in an unsuccessful bid for the U.S. Senate, on the Independent ticket. Miss Martin is seated next to the driver.

women fight men? If the German women came over here we would—well, we would hold a convention."

Anne Martin was charitable to the anti-suffs and several times defended their right to speak because she herself had brought in many out-of-state speakers. She sometimes characterized them as women whose lives had inclined them to the making of small decisions without any sense of the outer values of life, but did not hesitate to answer their arguments point by point in her own lecture tours.

Other Nevada women brought matters down to a less austere level. In April of 1914 Eureka suffragettes challenged the antis to a bread and pie-baking contest as a means of disposing of the charge that vote-seeking women neglected their homes, but there were not enough antis in the area to put it to the test. Some unnamed poetic male was inspired by the challenge however and penned the following ode which was published in the *Eureka Sentinel* of April 18, 1914:

The Bivouac of the Bread

"The flour through the sifter whirled,
The smothered yeast cake's sigh,
Proclaim to all the listening world
The suffrage battle cry.
Let envious antis sneer no more
But shrink in shuddering dread—
Their arguments fall flat before
The bivouac of the bread.

Till they beside their kitchen stoves
Can line their pantry shelves
With rows of crisp and flaky loaves
That they have baked themselves,
Till they the sponge can deftly pat
To fleecy, fluffy foam,
Let them not tell their sisters that
Their place is in the home.

The hand that fashions golden crust
And crullers brown and light
We fancy we can safely trust
To mark a ballot right.
As long as we remain well fed,
While here below we dwell,
We'll think the hand that kneads the Bread
Must need the vote as well."

Recognizing the strength of the state's Italian vote, Anna Martin's campaigners issued literature such as this piece.

ATTENZIONE ELETTORI ITALIANI

ANNE MARTIN
IL CANTIDATO DEL POPOLO DEL SENATO DEGLI STATI UNITI

ANNE MARTIN

Lunico Cantidato pel Senato degli Stati Uniti che si impegna per il benessere del popolo.

Indipentente da qualunque partito interessato nei guadagni eccessivi dalle grande case commerciali e nella politica.

E in favore di avere il terreno Governativo nello Stato di Nevada diviso in midotale da poterne usare ogni agricoltore individualmente beneficato.

Fara' ogni suo possibile onde dare il suo appoggio al Presidente come capo del popolo.

Crede fermamente essere questa una guerra del Popolo e che' possa alla discussione dei termini di pace l'interesse dei lavoratori sia ovunque e sopra ogni cosa salvaguardata.

Eleggete Anne Martin, Datele l'Opportunita' di Combattere Per Voi Nel Senato.

3

The state's saloon and vice interests helped finance much of the opposition encountered by the Nevada movement but they had help from certain editors who had never been converted. One of these was Charles C. Corkhill, editor and publisher of the *Clark County Review* who did a weekly column entitled "Suffragettesy" which featured anti-suffrage news and views and stories on the radical movement in England. Editor A. B. Gray of the *Deeth Commonwealth* refused to publish news stories coming out of the Reno headquarters, stating in his columns that he was instead papering his walls with them. W. W. Booth of the *Tonopah Bonanza* was a bitter foe, but publisher Denver Dickerson of the *Ely Mining Expositor* was perhaps the most unnerving of all. "This demand for suffrage," he wrote in a February 1914 editorial, "is a descent of a goddess from Olympus to mingle with mortals and become contaminated; it is the abdication of her throne."

The most influential opponent was financier George Wingfield, owner of the *Reno Evening Gazette*. His paper consistently editorialized against suffrage and in March, 1914 he threatened to close down his mining and ranching enterprises and leave the state if women gained the vote. Many Nevadans and several editors who were otherwise favorably disposed toward the women took him seriously, but those who knew him felt there was little substance to his threats. One of the latter composed the following poem which first appeared in the *Manhattan Post* of March 21, 1914 and was later reprinted throughout the state:

"We'll be sorry, George, to lose you,
But where you goin' to go
Now that the women are votin' from
Florida to Idaho.

Utah, Washington and Oregon
Have fallen into line
With California and Kansas
With votes for the feminine.

In Australia they're doin' it
And in Iceland's frigid zone;
Seems that they're votin' everywhere
And comin' closer to home.

The hand that rocks the cradle can
Scarcely do its rulin'
Unless that hand the ballot holds,
And it won't stand no foolin'.

Nevada's not the greatest state,
And if it ever hopes
To be among the best ones, let
The women have their votes."

Several editors occasionally took jibes at the women for fighting among themselves and for campaigning too strenuously and some took caustic note of the many outside lecturers brought in by Anne Martin, particularly those who espoused the cause of Socialism. The avid support of the Socialist Party provided an opportunity for anti-suffrage critics to charge that Nevada's women really sought the overthrow of the nation's political and economic system, but the large number of prominent males in the movement made such charges something less than ridiculous.

On election day, November 3, 1914, the suffrage resolution carried the state by a margin of 10,936 to 7,258 with only four counties, Washoe, Storey, Ormsby and Eureka, ending up in the negative column. These counties were the most populous in the state at that time and the rural areas provided the margin of victory. Miss Martin had suspected that the liquor and vice interests would have their biggest impact in the more populated areas and it was for that reason that she put so much emphasis upon organizing the outlying areas and smaller towns.

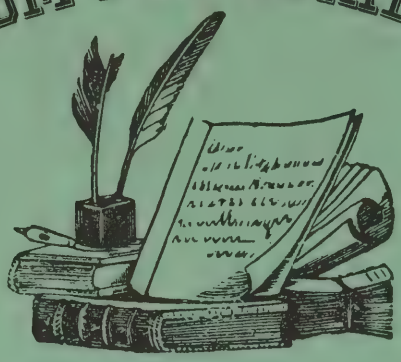
Five days later the victory was celebrated at the Reno headquarters with A. Grant Miller, a prominent lawyer and a leader of Nevada's Socialist Party, applying the whitewash to Nevada and Montana on the large suffrage map draped across Virginia Street.

Anne Martin advised the county leagues to remain organized so as to ensure that the women of the state registered and took advantage of their new privilege. Active voter registration drives were conducted the following year and several Women's Civic Leagues were formed to study issues and evaluate candidates.

In later years Miss Martin achieved a measure of national prominence. She was one of the organizers of the National Woman's Party in 1916 and later lobbied in Washington for the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. In 1918 and 1920 she returned to Nevada to run as an independent candidate for the U.S. Senate, but was defeated on both occasions. She was later involved in lobbying for federal programs to improve health care and in the 1920's was an official of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, an organization which sought world peace through better cooperation between nations. Her retirement years were spent in Reno where she was often a guest lecturer at the University. In 1945 she was awarded an honorary degree as Doctor of Laws by the University, but somehow she never got around to writing her own story before her death in 1951. This writer hopes that he has in some small way honored her memory.

selections out of

LETTERS FROM THE NEVADA TERRITORY



EXCERPTS BY PAULINE DE WITT
Third in a Series

THE SEVENTH LETTER *Nov. 15, 1862.*

I have been favored with a copy of the "Annual Message of Captain Jim, Chief of the Washoes and Governor (de facto) of Nevada, delivered before the Third House of the Territorial Legislature." This "Third House" is a peculiar institution of Carson, designed as a burlesque upon the legitimate Legislature. Some of its proceedings are quite witty, but occasionally the wit is "as broad as it is long." This august body meets every evening in a rear building, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "contagious to" a drinking saloon. The message of Captain Jim is of course intended to burlesque Governor Nye's annual Message....

I have just had the pleasure of meeting an old acquaintance, A. W. Oliver, formerly connected with the *Territorial Enterprise* and now Judge of Probate of Humboldt county. He has just arrived from Humboldt county and gives a very encouraging account of mining matters in that region. New and rich discoveries have been made; several new lodes were reported found in Buena Vista district last week... He thinks there is no doubt that there will be four mills completed and ready for crushing rock before the Winter sets in. There is danger, however, of a short supply of provisions for the Winter, especially of flour. Flour is now selling at $17, and will be as high as $25 before the middle of February....

THE EIGHTH LETTER *Nov. 17, 1862.*

The Council

...Hall gave notice of a joint memorial to Congress for amendment to the Organic Act, providing that the people of the Territory shall fix the compensation and the time of the sessions of the Legislature, choose their own Judges and establish

their own judicial system, limit the Executive veto power and defray the expenses of the Territorial Government.

Bills were received from the House extending the time for collecting taxes in the several counties . . . and authorizing the Recorder of Storey County (Fish) to appoint a deputy . . . this, the first bill passed by both Houses is intended to enable Fish to go East without losing his office.

THE NINTH LETTER *Nov. 18, 1862.*

In the Council all the members were in their seats, and the proceedings were initiated (after prayers, of course) by the reading of the following, which carries with it its own explanation:

"To the President, Members and Attaches of the Honorable the Council of Nevada Territory — Gentlemen: You are respectfully invited to attend the nuptials of Doctor A. W. Tjader and Miss Lucy A. Curry, at the Hall of the House of Representatives, Carson City, on Tuesday, November 18, 1862, at four P.M.

"With high esteem, I remain, etc.

A. Curry"

. . .The long and anxiously expected reports of the Territorial Auditor and Territorial Treasurer were submitted and referred.

Roop, from the Committee on Contingent Expenses, reported the mileage of members, and the report was adopted. . . .

COMPENSATION BILL

The House went into Committee of the Whole (Mitchell in the chair) and took up first, the Act to provide increased compensation to the Governor, Justices of the Supreme Court and other officers of the Territory of Nevada.

Fisher moved to amend so that the seven dollars per day to be paid to Legislators shall not take effect till the first day of January next, and said he made the motion because he disliked to vote money into his own pocket. He accepted the office, knowing the pay attached, and thought he ought to be satisfied with it.

Howard said he supposed the gentleman from Douglas was one of those who came from a rural region, and brought along a large amount of integrity, while he, coming from the metropolis of Gold Hill, was not expected to be incumbered with such notions. He came here with the express purpose and intention of voting himself an increase of pay. Three dollars a day was not enough for a hod carrier, and he was opposed to the squeamish delicacy that would refuse to vote for themselves an adequate compensation. He was willing to toil for the people of this Territory, for whom he had a moderate respect, not particularly high, but he wanted them to pay for his labor. . . .There were wealthy miners here who didn't need the extra pay, but it did not come with a good grace from them to oppose its being given to poor but honest members. Honesty and poverty went together in these modern times. If these nabobs did not want their extra pay let them refuse to receive it, or pay it over to the Sanitary Fund. (Note — Comparable in some respects to the modern Red Cross). Under this three dollar a day regime he began really to tremble for his integrity, and so no

doubt did one of his colleagues, whom he had in his eye.

Williams said he was opposed to mock modesty and would have no hesitancy in receiving his extra per diem. He thought it no more than just.... He presumed that some came here to secure ulterior objects which would be worth more than ten times their per diem, and they could afford, for buncombe or other motives, to vote against an increase. As to trembling for his integrity, he illustrated his position in regard to being "approached," by telling the story about the antiquated spinsters in a captured city who inquired impatiently when the ravishing would begin....

At half-past twelve o'clock adjourned.

The wedding of Dr. A. W. Tjader and Miss Lucy A. Curry came off, as per programme, at four o'clock, in the presence of the assembled wisdom of the Territory, and all the beauty and fashion of Nevada's capital. Governor Nye unctuously pronounced the ceremony which united the happy pair. The bride looked modest and charming in a white (something French) dress, a magnificent lace veil and a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridegroom bore his honors with dignified meekness, or meek dignity, just as you please, and made the response as if he actually meant it. After the ceremony came cake and wine, congratulations, kisses, etc.

THE TENTH LETTER *November 19, 1862.*

In the Council... Roop created a sensation by presenting the following document...

To the Honorable the Council and House of Representatives of the Territory of Nevada: Your petitioner would most respectfully represent that she is a resident of said Territory of Nevada; that on the 7th day of March, A.D. 1862 (Dr. Miller notes that the year is incorrect) at Great Salt Lake City, in the Territory of Utah, your petitioner was in form, and according to the rules and regulations of the Mormon Church (commonly called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints), married to one James McKnight, by one of the dignitaries of said Church (commonly called Bishops); that said petitioner for a long time prior to said marriage ceremony being performed earnestly protested against being united with said James McKnight, but notwithstanding all of said petitioner's entreaties and protestations, your petitioner then being an orphan girl and under age was, through the rigid, cruel and unnatural laws and edicts of said Mormon Church, intimidated and compelled to marry said Jas. McKnight... that at the time of such solemnization of said marriage the said James McKnight was wrongfully and illegally living in polygamy with a certain woman duly married to him under the rules and regulations of said Church... that afterwards and since the marriage with your petitioner, the said James McKnight, living in polygamy, as aforesaid, and whilst living with your petitioner, was married a third time under the rules and regulations of said Mormon Church... and your petitioner would further represent... that the said James McKnight has formed a marriage contract under the polygamic rules of said Mormon Church, and is now engaged to be married to two certain other women. Your petitioner would further represent... that for the space of two years your petitioner was entirely deserted by the said James McKnight, and is still deserted by him and entirely and wholly dependent upon herself for a livelihood. Your petitioner would therefore humbly ask

your honorable bodies to grant her a divorce, and that the bonds of matrimony existing between your petitioner and the said James McKnight may be forever dissolved and that your petitioner may be restored to her maiden and original name, and she will ever pray, etc.

Cornelia M. McKnight.

Roop followed up the petition by introducing a bill granting an immediate divorce to Mrs. McKnight, evidently entertaining the opinion that James could afford to spare one of his five present and prospective helpmeets.

. . . . .

Lewis strenuously opposed the bill; Luther expressed like views and moved to postpone the bill indefinitely. Lost — ayes 3, noes 7 — and the bill referred to the Judiciary Committee.

THE ELEVENTH LETTER *Nov. 20, 1862.*

The Council

Hall, from the Judiciary Committee, made the following report, which was adopted without debate, from which it appears that the escaped Mormon wife can receive from the Council nothing but ardent sympathy.

Mr. President: The Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred a petition and accompanying bill for an Act to dissolve the bonds of matrimony between James McKnight and Cornelia McKnight, have given the same due examination and respectfully recommend the indefinite postponement of the bill. The Organic Act, defining the respective powers of the legislative and judicial departments of the Government, has very plainly prescribed their several jurisdictions. It specially declares that Courts of the Territory therein provided for should have such jurisdiction as may be limited by law.

In the House . . . the memorial to Congress relative to the Indian war (Pah Utah) of 1860, and its attendant losses and depredations, was considered in Committee of the Whole. During a discussion on the memorial, Mitchell said Judge Cradlebaugh (elected Territorial delegate to Congress) had requested its passage, to enable him to present the matter to Congress fairly. He also desired parties having claims to forward them to him.

THE TWELFTH LETTER *Nov. 21, 1862.*

In the Council . . . bills were introduced chartering a toll road to Stewart (Stuart) and others from Dayton to Desert Creek, in Esmeralda, giving John Conner (O'Connor) a franchise for twenty-five years for a turnpike to El Dorado canon, giving Myron Lake a charter for a toll road from the Junction House in Washoe to Lake county.

The Council held a secret session of considerable length, by what authority I do not know, and approved all the Governor's appointments of Probate Judges and District Attorneys. . . .The appointments of Federal officers were postponed till reports can be printed and examined. . . .

Mrs. McKnight's petition and bill to divorce her from her Mormon husband were,

on leave, withdrawn from the file, the intention being to bring up the matter in the House.

In the House . . . Lovejoy reported back Nightingill & Co.'s Humboldt Toll Road Bill. Fisher moved to table it on account of the proposed general incorporation law. Lost. Lovejoy also reported back W. B. Kingsbury's Toll Road charter in Lake county and Bolivar Roberts' Dayton Toll Bridge charter, both of which Fisher made an unsuccessful attempt to table. . . . The motion was lost, which demonstrateth the fact that the legislative grindstone continueth to rotate. "If ye have axes to grind, prepare to grind them now."

Howard presented a communication from Mesdames Orion Clemens, Sarah A. Blackburn and B. F. Small, residents of Carson, asking the use of the Legislative halls on Thanksgiving night (next Thursday) for the purpose of a ball for the benefit of the National Sanitary Fund. . . . Adopted — ayes 11, noes 5.

THIRTEENTH LETTER *Nov. 22, 1862.*

The Boundary Question

Ford submitted the following report, which is of interest on the western slope of the Sierras:

"Your Committee on Counties and County Boundaries, to whom was yesterday referred the following resolution: 'Resolved by the Council, the House of Representatives concurring, that the Governor of this Territory be, and is hereby requested, to organize the counties of Lake and Esmeralda, by the appointment of the necessary officers — have carefully examined the subject, and are of the opinion that it is important to the best interests of Nevada that both of the said counties should, as soon as practicable become organized. There being no difficulty in the way of the present organization of Lake county, we would recommend the adoption of the resolution, so far as it affects that county, and ask for further time to consider the subject of organizing Esmeralda county. Your Committee are convinced that Nevada is the proprietor, and justly entitled to the jurisdiction over the territory claimed by these counties by the State of California. . . ."

The report was adopted and a joint resolution was passed, after some debate, calling on the Governor to appoint officers in Lake County only. . . .

The Council adjourned till Monday at twelve o'clock and repaired to the lobby to dispose of a basket of champagne, presented to them by Mrs. M. A. Ormsby.

THE FIFTEENTH LETTER *Nov. 25, 1862.*

The Council

Bolivar Roberts' Dayton toll bridge charter, being the same franchise which was last year granted to Eri H. Comstock, was also passed amended so as to establish the rates of toll. Eri built his bridge, married a young and beautiful wife, and settled down to domestic and financial felicity; but the floods came and swept away his bridge. His wife became "separated" from him, and he then took to drinking, sold out his franchise, and finally made an end of himself with a pistol.

. . . The memorial to Congress in relation to the Pah Utah war (reparation) was indefinitely postponed, in the House.

THE SIXTEENTH LETTER *Nov. 26, 1862.*

The Chinese Capitation Tax Bill (a percapita tax of four dollars per month imposed on all Chinamen now in the Territory, or to come hereafter) was passed.

Hannah . . . reported that the House bill . . . containing certain judgments of divorce granted by the Probate Court of Storey county, ought by all means to pass. "And it came to pass." And it will be handed to the Governor for his approval tonight in order that it may be a law of the land bright and early on Thanksgiving Day, which is tomorrow. The cause of this haste I sought and learned this version: That a certain "honorable Councillor" is to wed on Thanksgiving Eve a very pretty lady, who has been in the habit of flitting in and out of the Council Chamber daily for the past week or two — said lady having been recently and somewhat hastily divorced from a very naughty husband in Storey county. The laugh comes in where Hannah himself reports and recommends the bill.

In the House at roll-call there was no quorum, but the Sergeant-at-Arms found nearly all the absentees in the lobby waiting till after prayers. The consequence was that the Chaplain at prayers and the Clerk reading the Journal had each for once a full audience.

The Ways and Means Committee reported adversely on the Act to license gambling, and the House rejected the bill without a word of comment. There is one iniquitous profession squelched, and no time lost over it.

On motion of Williams, Council's concurrent resolutions in favor of organizing Lake and Esmeralda counties by the appointment of county officers, were taken up. The Lake county resolution was passed without much opposition. . . .

On the Esmeralda resolution there was a long debate. . . .

The resolution was ultimately adopted — only Davenport voting no.

THE SEVENTEENTH LETTER *Nov. 28, 1862.*

Once more "in the midst of life we are in death." But yesterday Abram Benway was a tall, strong man, in the prime of manly vigor, whole hearted, full of all kindly impulses, beloved by hosts of friends, and so far as I can learn, wholly without foes. Today his lifeless body rests in its grave, within a lonesome field fenced in from the wild sage plain, six feet of dry alkali dust and sand piled above his head; and his soul has gone to God who gave it. "So mote it be." . . .

No romance writer could have conjured from his fertile brain a death more sudden and shockingly unexpected. The Sanitary Fund Ball, got up by the ladies of Carson, was in full blossom in the legislative hall, and "Nevada's Capital had gathered then her beauty and her chivalry." Both the House and the Council chambers were echoing with music, and filled with merry dancers. Benway has been waltzing with a handsome young lady, who was supposed to have found favor in his eyes, and the waltz ended, he stood leaning against the sill of the open window to enjoy the fresh air and the beautiful silvery moonlight, and someone spoke to him and he made a hilarious answer and then turning to the open window he made one step out of it, and plunged headlong through the rotten canvas awning to the stone pavement below, a distance

continued page 40

Fence-walker &

BY WILLIAM J. PLUMMER

I wouldn't have noticed at all if I hadn't been looking at exactly the right spot. Not really looking—just gazing off away from my magazine as I listened for a moment to the stereo sounds from inside the house. At the flicker of movement, I blinked and focused—then I saw that it was Fence-Walker. He was standing motionless at the threshold of his thorny lair, where the pyracantha grew up and over the block wall. Having declared his intent he watched now, and waited for any possible reaction, ready to withdraw instantly. I sat quietly too, and for a moment we glared at each other, eye to eye across eight feet of space.

Of course, I blinked first; Fence-Walker, after all, was a *Sceloporus magister*, a desert spiny lizard, and blinking just wasn't in his repertoire. Impressed by his fierce countenance, I had to remind myself that the stocky little lizard—perhaps ten inches long—presented no real threat to my stocky six feet. Furthermore, it was *my* patio!

Fence-Walker, however, was not intimidated by either argument and decided to proceed on his errand. Dashing out a little way onto the top of the wall he froze again, poised and alert, but now completely exposed in full view. He was a large handsome specimen, sleek and clean. The sunlight fairly sparkled off his silvery scales, setting off the jet-black wedge-marks at his neck.

While he completed his surveillance I stole a surreptitious sip on my frosty drink; it was a sizzling summer afternoon in southern Nevada, and *dry* heat or not, 112 degrees in the shade demanded something cool.

I should explain that although we resided in glamorous, clamorous Las Vegas, with its glittering Strip hotels in plain view over the back wall, our development was informal and relaxed. We were a family of six who enjoyed the desert setting, and our three pre-teen boys spent many hours exploring it. There were still numerous chunks of undeveloped land sprinkled throughout the city, so that there was always a piece of desert close by to any residential area. As a consequence, a Las Vegan might sometimes glance out into his street or yard and see a rabbit or a roadrunner, possibly even a desert fox or coyote. And certainly lizards on the patio were commonplace.

Just now, however, Fence-Walker noticed my movement and turning slightly toward me, puffed himself up. By way of precaution he performed a few ritualistic push-ups at me, displaying his blue throat-patch in the characteristic threatening gesture of *Sceloporus*; then he continued confidently on his way.

At our house we appreciated the desert wildlife, and strays or visitors were always welcome. Generally this included more than lizards: our boys kept the place populated with snakes, rodents, birds, amphibians, and even insects, all enjoying some degree of freedom. A kangaroo rat named Squeaky had resided comfortably for five years in a special book shelf in my den—the enclosure frankly did little more than suggest captivity, but it provided this remarkable rodent with most of the advantages of his natural habitat. Then there was Peep-Sight, the Gambel's quail who spent his entire four years completely free in our house, a full-fledged member of the family. But that is another story.

In the desert, lizards are the prevalent form of wildlife, and the microcosm in our back yard was no exception. The desert spiny lizards, like Fence-Walker, found it particularly suitable. These interesting creatures we had affectionately tagged "meanies," for they looked to us like ferocious little crocodiles, and they are in fact quite bad-tempered. A large one will bite your finger if you give him a chance, and he will draw blood, too—his strong jaws are well-equipped with numerous razor-sharp teeth.

Nonetheless the meanies were our favorites, and they had established their domains at intervals all along our concrete block wall, wherever it supported shrubbery. Its rough surface offered them good traction, and they were as mobile and at home in a vertical plane as a horizontal one.

Prime real estate to them was the wall space associated with the pyracanthas. These broad-leaf evergreens attract a variety of delectable insects while providing virtually impenetrable protection for the lizards. Domestic animals and children are discouraged by the thorns, but the meanies, with overlapping scales like chain-mail, are practically impervious.

We were fond of the meanies, encouraging their prosperity, and in particular we admired their aggressive character. Sometimes we witnessed hostile confrontations as two of them entered into a territorial dispute atop the wall. They never actually fought,

the Meany-olium

but engaged each other by taking up facing positions and doing spastic pigeon-toed push-ups, displaying their blue throat and belly patches at each other. This appeared to constitute "release" behavior, triggering instinctive responses; and somehow in the process settling the argument. After a few minutes of this silent puffing and posturing, one of them would turn away in apparent concession, leaving the other in command of the contested geography. Their encounters often suggested to us some episode from Ivanhoe, or a scene from a Godzilla movie. (We were a little inclined to romanticize our observations.)

Fence-Walker, blessed with marvelously bright blue patches, had successfully claimed and defended an especially desirable piece of wall. It was a heavily grown-over territory where the fence joined the carport at the end of the patio. On one side, it extended to the vine-draped arbor and garbage cans featuring a constantly replenishing supply of delicious flies, and on the other, to a step where the top of the wall dropped down one row of blocks. Here the foliage arced up and over, forming a protected accessway from Fence-Walker's domain onto the top of the wall. This latter presented a clear, elevated expressway running to the back of the yard.

Generally, Fence-Walker spent his time maneuvering about solitarily within his barony, but recently he had taken to making lengthy excursions along the top of the wall, as he was doing now. Almost daily we would glimpse him dashing the distance of some sixty lineal feet to the back corner, then angling down to a structure we called the Meany-olium. This rather unique contraption appeared to hold a very special attraction for him.

The Meany-olium was a roomy enclosure that we had built in the back yard for the specific purpose of retaining lizards. It was named after its star boarders, the meanies, but it usually contained a variety of other specimens as well. Fabricated of hardware mesh secured to a frame of redwood, it provided about thirty cubic feet of viable space in a semi-shady location. A hinged door afforded access through the top, while the wall itself constituted the back. To discourage digging (in as well as out) the base extended down well below ground level. We had filled the bottom with desert blow sand and natural debris, and installed driftwood, cantilevered rocks, and several small cacti. Finally, we spray-painted the mesh in a camouflage pattern of flat, natural colors, making it practically invisible from even a short distance away. From the patio, we saw only a little patch of desert circumscribed by an open frame of redwood.

For the most part the lizards seemed quite at home in the Meany-olium. It provided them plenty of daily variety; well-shaded against the intense midday heat, at other times it afforded filtered sunlight and a choice of exposure. The lawn sprinklers supplied occasional moisture, and the natural sand was suitable for burying, which some species favor, particularly at night. There were rocks for the whiptails to burrow under, and promontories for sunning.

We delighted in our lizard-watching pastime; the Meany-olium afforded us a good deal of pleasure. In the morning it appeared at first to be empty, then someone would come wriggling out of the sand or peeking from under a rock. Before long the place was visibly thriving.

In addition to several meanies, our guest list usually included an occasional desert iguana or zebra-tail. Easiest to capture were the little sand-swifts, common throughout Las Vegas. Rarely, we came upon the secretive, velvet-skinned night lizards or the delicate-appearing banded geckos, but we did not risk confining these tender creatures with the meat-eaters of the Meany-olium.

The slim-bodied whiptails (Genus *Cnemidophorus*) were especially interesting to us. With caudal appendages over twice as long as the rest of their bodies, they managed somehow to be simultaneously reminiscent of snakes, birds, and even dogs. Active and alert, a whiptail usually paces about with the jerky gait of a shore-bird, but with a slender, forked tongue darting in and out (apparently to detect food) and a serpentine tail winding sinuously behind. Sometimes, moving more slowly and raising the forward portion of his body, he assumes the majesty of a pheasant or peacock—head held high and turning from side to side, tail now trailing passively in the dirt. But it is with his burrow-digging movements that he resembles the dog: head down and front feet stroking alternately. Indeed, uncovered while sleeping under a flat rock, he looks like a miniature

continued page 42

Two Superb new Hotels

MGM Grand Hotel
The world's largest.

Harrah's Tahoe
New luxury in the Sierra.

The largest resort hotel in the world and another one, perhaps the most elegant anywhere. This fairly well describes two of the many new hotels serving the millions of people who visit Nevada each year. The huge one, the MGM Grand, opened in Las Vegas several months ago. To even talk about it requires superlatives. Built at a cost of over one hundred million dollars, the MGM has two show rooms seating twelve hundred and nine hundred people respectively. It has a movie theatre, several restaurants and a lobby that goes on forever.

Harrah's Tahoe is a lesson in luxury. The main building opened last November (now being completed is an additional wing), with a total of over five hundred suites each equipped with two bathrooms, three TV sets and memorable views of Lake Tahoe.

Every hotel and motel in Nevada has its own personality yet they all have one thing in common — hospitality you will never forget.

MGM's Leo in the Grand Ballroom.

Elegant dining in one of Grand Hotel's "theme" restaurants, Cafe Gigi.

Grand Hotel's casino (left).

An MGM penthouse suite — fit for superstars.

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Two Superb Hotels

The Summit Restaurant atop Harrah's Tahoe offers gourmet dining and a spectacular view.

Natural wood, glass and understated elegance keynote Harrah's new hotel. The hotel entrance (above) is an example.

A suite at Harrah's (above). Luxury and a panorama of Lake Tahoe. The popular South Shore Room (below) remains one of Tahoe's premiere showrooms.

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WAYNE

A Superstar who is proud to live and work in Nevada

By Shirley Norman

Not everyone knows that Wayne Newton lives here, an enthusiastic and loyal Nevadan.

Although he was born in Roanoke, Virginia and lived for ten years in Phoenix, Wayne has been a staunch Nevadan since he moved to Las Vegas at the age of 16.

Even as a teenager — the Newton talents were already recognized to such a degree that Wayne was offered a lucrative contract at the Fremont Hotel — where, he sighs, he performed "six shows a night, six nights a week."

The youthful entertainer also made appearances in various other Nevada towns during those early years. This was in 1959. Newton has been a Nevada fan ever since.

"I fell in love with this state and with its people," says the singer. "The people of Nevada are some of the nicest in the world. Once you're a resident instead of a tourist you really get the feel of the place."

Wayne likes his home state so much that he makes most of his appearances within its borders. He performs an astounding 36 weeks a year in Nevada, dividing his time between the

Sands and Frontier Hotels in Las Vegas and Harrah's Clubs at Reno and Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Newton is now one of the most popular singers in the world and receives offers from many countries — offers for stage, television, movies, and recordings. (He currently has a half dozen gold records to his credit.)

"You can't believe the offers that keep pouring in," declares Wayne's manager, Jay Stream. "But Wayne feels that his first loyalties on and off the stage belong here. He's performing so many weeks in his home state that we don't have time to accept an engagement even as far away as Chicago."

Besides being a show business superstar, Mr. Newton is a skilled horseman. He owns over 100 Arabian horses, recognized by experts as some of the finest of the breed. He is also the owner of the only Arabian horse ever to win the Canadian and United States National contests in the same year.

Mr. Newton and his lovely Japanese-Hawaiian wife, Elaine, live on a sprawling property in Las Vegas' Paradise Valley which they call "Casa de Shenandoah."

Wayne owns a second large ranch in Logandale, an hour's drive from Las Vegas. Here the bulk of his Arabian horses are stabled.

Horses and houses of both ranches are supervised by Julio and Rosetta Smiley. Mr. Smiley hails from Boston and shares Newton's sentiments as he explains, "I moved to Nevada twenty years ago — but I sure wish I had done it a lot sooner."

Newton hosted a gigantic horse sale at his Casa de Shenandoah Ranch last April. Some 2,000 persons from around the world came to see and select from his magnificent stable of Arabian beauties.

Newton was praised last year by Governor Mike O'Callaghan. As the Frontier Hotel celebrated its fifth anniversary on one of Wayne's opening nights, the governor proclaimed him "The Entertainer of the Year" and "Envoy Extraordinaire" from the State of Nevada.

COMMENT

Las Vegas is a place where you can see cows and hippos in the streets and there are trees with leaves growing only on top.

It is ice cream and swimming pools and hot sand and another name for Lake Tahoe.

Las Vegas has grandmas and aunts and cousins by the dozens and the trees have red and green apples.

It is in a different world and getting there is a real trip.

Being there means nice bedrooms, paying, bank business and gambling which is bad because you lose your money.

It is believed that the Easter Bunny does not visit Las Vegas, only Reno, but when dogs run away in Reno they go to Las Vegas.

You can see Las Vegas on television. Maybe it's in Texas. It is next to Tonopah and dads go there on airplanes.

And, well, whatever else Las Vegas is, it is never ho-hum in the minds of a group of Reno citizens aged three to six years.

What is Las Vegas?

Seventy-five toddling experts at the Merry Berry pre-school kindergarten, a private and progressive waystop for the offspring of affluent Reno parents, can't be wrong. Most of them know something about Las Vegas and what they know is happy and exciting and often finished off with ice cream.

Actually, you make your own ice cream in Las Vegas, says Aaron and then you can "climb gigantic trees" with your grandpa.

On the other hand, points out Kristy, they have superb peanut butter and jelly in Las Vegas. "It's really good," she asserts. Also "they have a lake but I forget if it is big or little."

What is Las Vegas?

"I think it's a city but if it isn't a city it's camping," explains Paul.

"Lots of restaurants with lots of lights," says Lee.

"Pretty ladies walking across the bridge," adds Brooks.

"The trees are nice," comments Mark H. "They grow red and green apples. They have high and low mountains. They have snow on top. Sometimes it's hot, sometimes it's cold. It's good for playing golf."

And then, too, says Scott, "They have lots of swimming pools and you can even swim at nighttime."

There are so many ways of looking at Las Vegas!

"I saw it on TV and didn't like it," says Melina.

What else is Las Vegas to these sophisticated three-to-sixes?

"It's the biggest city in the world. It sort of looks like Reno. Lake Tahoe is another name for Las Vegas," explains David.

"When you go there, it's a TRIP!" says Jenny.

But then Niki found "When we went there we weren't sure where we were."

Cori knew where she was but found "It's cold there. Our hotel room had flowers." And, are you ready for this? "Every single people are Chinese."

Besides the dogs that have run away from Reno there are lots of other animals in Las Vegas.

"When you go there you ride horses," said Charlie.

The animals tend to overflow the city and can be noted en route to Las Vegas.

"We saw animals on the way there," says Kimberly. "They were doggies. Some cows were walking in the middle of the street and all the cars stopped."

"I saw a cow there," added Eric. "My mom showed me some when I was there and then we went to the park."

"Well, our dog Coco ran away to Las Vegas. I went to visit him there," says Jennifer. "He lives in a cage. Las Vegas is where all dogs who run away go. I'm going there to see him after school."

Amy saw "gorillas and giraffes and spiders and tired elephants and some day I'm going to take Scott."

Whether Scott is going along for protection or education is unclear, but there is no doubt about Las Vegas being full of fearful animals.

"You might see hippos there, if you're a good boy and you're lucky," promises Bobbie.

Some of the three-to-six-year-old Renoites were not turned on by all this animal talk.

"I have seen pictures of Las Vegas," says Christi. "It looks hot and boring."

Now that we have learned what Las Vegas is, maybe we should try to find out WHERE it is.

"It's in the desert," says Ann. "It has those tall trees with leaves just on top."

"It's in America!" proclaims Cynthia. "What's America? Where we are, I guess. I know you can swim there."

"It's hot," observes Mark. "They have a lot of palm trees. They grow coconuts."

One important point is cleared up for us by Josh. "Las Vegas," he says, "is not in Nevada, just Reno is."

"It's far away from Reno," says Jason.

The Merry Berry Gang trade ideas about Las Vegas with teacher Carol Wetzel.

PHOTOS BY JIM REINHELLER

The Merry Berry Gang Looks at Las Vegas.

"You have to go there in a plane. I think I went hunting there with my Dad."

"It's a long ride to Las Vegas," notes Laurel.

"When we go to Las Vegas we fly on the Yellow Bird," says Tony. "I saw fire engines in Las Vegas."

"You get there on the way to Disneyland," says Heidi.

But then Robbie found this complication:

"We have a map of it and the whole world. I think it's in another world."

Once you find Las Vegas and get there, if you don't stay with grandma, an aunt, your Mom or Steven, where do you live?

Jeff Gore and Ann Osborne. "Lots of sand."

"My aunt lives there in her swimming pool," explains Eric.

"My Mom and Dad stayed in a hotel," says Paul.

"We stayed at the motel," says Michael.

"Lots of nice bedrooms at Grandpa's," says Dawn.

"We stayed in a hotel and it was very very very windy," observed Mark.

"I played and stayed in a motel," says Amy.

"My grandmother lives there, my little grandmother," explains Julie. Where else would she stay?

In case you have trouble finding a room in Las Vegas, you can always try to imitate Joelle.

"When we went to Las Vegas we stayed at Steven's house," she reported.

Who goes to Las Vegas?

"Las Vegas is only for big people," says Paul G.

"My cousins Guy, Janet and Sean live there," counters Kim.

"My Dad works there. He plays the drums," says Deanna.

"Sarah goes there," Charlie puts in.

"My Dad's been there. I think it would be fun to go there in an airplane," says Stephen.

"Dad played ball games in Las Vegas," Robbie recalls.

Anybody can go to Las Vegas, asserts Scott. "It's by an ocean and we went there in our speed boat. I went hunting there and saw a bear and shot it with my pistol."

Yes, and you can buy peanuts in Las Vegas. "I went fishing there. I bought peaunts," says Joey.

Is Las Vegas beginning to sound like a super whatsis to you? Don't be alarmed.

"You do bank work there. You could meet lots of boys and girls and go to a new school. They have a lot of sand," comforts Jeff.

Gangleader, Mrs. Richardson.

But, says Scott, "Paying is what we always do. You can work there to make money in the bank."

"They do lots of building," Brad says.

"We went to see the wild animals at the zoo," insists yet another tyke.

You just can't, it seems, get away from the wildlife in Las Vegas.

That's what makes Las Vegas so interesting, you see.

A super whopping "SUPER!" was Margie Richardson's response to our request to poll her Merry Berry charges about Las Vegas.

"SUPER," which you must envision accompanied by at least three exclamation points, is the constant affirmation voiced by the owner of Merry Berry, a pre-school kindergarten she operates with the help of 17 adult assistants.

Children between the ages of three and six are enrolled for half-day sessions at Merry Berry, whose title was dreamed up by Mrs. Richardson's young daughter.

Mrs. Richardson herself, Stanford-educated and trained not only in elementary teaching but school administration, almost eludes description. One writer characterized her as "a zany person with her own special outlook on the world of children." She's given to wearing Seuss-type hats and even the smallest newborn mouse is completely fascinating to her. Among other things at the school she runs a "lending library" of hamsters, gerbils, rabbits and mice which are checked out by the students.

Matt Jones reflects on a place called Las Vegas.

The "Magic Castle"

"This is my Magic Castle," she says of Merry Berry, a brightly decorated former residence near Billinghurst Junior High School. Her private school has grown so high in respect and popularity that its owner has to maintain a long waiting list for prospective pupils.

All agree Merry Berry pre-school is a special, even SUPER place.

— *Patricia Stewart*

LETTERS FROM NEVADA TERRITORY

continued from page 29

of fifteen or twenty feet, striking on his head and fracturing his skull. He was taken up insensible, carried into the saloon underneath the dancers' feet, and died in about an hour, without ever returning to consciousness. His exit from the ballroom was only noticed by one or two, who ran down stairs after him, without giving any alarm, and it was sad to hear while the poor man was dying the sound of merry music and the tread of the mazy dance directly above his head.

Benway's body was removed to the Masonic Hall, he being a member of that fraternity, and this afternoon he was buried with the solemn rites of Masonry in the new cemetery, about a mile north of the town. The procession was very large, including not only the members of the Masonic brotherhood, but all the leading citizens of Carson. I had not supposed, from the cheapness of human life generally in this Territory, that the death of any one man could have produced such universal manifestation of grief.

The 18th Letter *Nov. 29, 1862.*

The Legislature was not disposed to be particularly laborious today, members considering that it was a broken week anyway, and that they have three full weeks yet before them in which to pass toll road bills and other matters of urgency.

The 20th Letter *Dec. 2, 1862.*

The experiment of an evening session, or legislative debating society, was made last evening and was eminently successful. It is true that but very little was done, but there was a full and fashionable audience....The Representatives' Hall, with a lady sitting at every other pine desk, and every desk illuminated by two tallow candles (total, fifty-six candles), presented if not a majestic, at least a lively spectacle.

The 21st Letter *Dec. 3, 1862.*

In order to maintain that variety which constitutes the genuine spice of life, we managed to get up last night a very tolerable style of murder, among the Chinese population. As near as I can gather the facts...they stand in this wise: A respectable Chinaman, living with his wife at Virginia City, was called by business... to visit San Francisco. His business or lack of funds detained him longer than was anticipated, and the wife becoming alarmed, applied vainly to her countrymen for assistance. A spruce young washerman in Carson became smitten, probably by the extra corner-wise slant of her lozenge-shaped eyes, and made love to the grass widow proposing to become her husband pro tem, or until the original John should come home....She defended her virtue for a long time, but by some means he induced her to come to Carson and here, by mingled threats and entreaties, he at last carried his point and induced her to marry him, the ceremony being performed in "*Melican*" style by Justice Stewart, about a month ago. All went merry as a marriage bell till a week or two ago, when the original John did return to Virginia City only to find his hearth desolate. He at once took steps to recover his lost treasure, and as the most ready and obvious means came to Carson and prosecuted his wife for bigamy. The case was heard before Justice Stewart last week, and each side brought about a score of Chinamen as witnesses, who flatly contradicted each other in the usual Mongolian manner. Being thus enlightened, the Justice decided that the case was as clear as mud, and nothing could be made of it. Baffled at the bar of Justice, the wronged husband resolved on dire revenge, and came to town yesterday in company with twenty or thirty friends from Virginia City. After dark, he, or someone acting in his behalf, strolled into the Chinese street, armed with a revolver and disguised in the dress of a white man. He soon met the faithless woman coming out of an outhouse in company of another female of the Chinese persuasion. He held out his hand, saying in "Melican," "How you do, sissy," and at the same instant fired his pistol, shooting her in the abdomen. The woman fell and the other woman screamed for help, when he turned his battery upon her, alternating with the one down, until his ammunition was exhausted. The first woman received several dangerous wounds, one of which, a shot through the abdomen, will unquestionably prove mortal, though she is still alive. The second woman had a finger shot off and some other bad though not very dangerous wounds. The Chinese population was instantly in an uproar, and their quarter was speedily overrun by white men in search of excitement....In the hubbub the disguised Chinaman escaped, but two of his friends were captured and are now in jail....

The Council

The Governor, by message, announced that he has approved and signed...

An Act to authorize A. W. Nightingill, F. C. Ayers and A. Benway to establish and maintain a toll road, bridges and ferries (the new road to the Humboldt mines); also concurrent resolution to organize Esmeralda county; also concurrent resolution organizing Lake county.

The House

The Governor sent in a message that he has approved and signed...

An Act to authorize Bolivar Roberts, his heirs and assigns to keep and maintain a toll bridge across Carson river at Dayton in Lyon county.

Act to provide for submitting the question of the removal of the county seat of Humboldt county to a vote of the qualified electors thereof.

The 23rd Letter *Dec. 5, 1862.*

Council

House Bill in relation to lawful fences, came up with additional amendments, and, after discussion, was recommitted. The agriculturalists find it hard to get up a fence bill to please everybody. This bill has been crossing from one House to the other during the week, as regularly as if it had been a ferry-boat, and has been so thoroughly amended that I do not believe any part of the original bill remains.

Hall gave notice of an Act amending the Act for the protection of wild game and fish....

The Select Committee reported an amendment requiring the owner of the Myron Lake toll road to pay two per cent of receipts into the Territorial treasury for the benefit of the School Fund. This idea pleased the Committee so well that it was determined to apply the amendment not only to this bill but to all other toll road franchises which had not passed out of reach....

President Pugh announced the Governor's approval of the Act changing the name of Lake county to Roop county, and in a jocose strain, congratulated Governor Roop on that auspicious event....

The 25th Letter *Dec. 8, 1862.*

The Council met today at half-past twelve o'clock, with only seven members present, and proceeded at once to create a sensation. That is to say—

Roop introduced an Act to frame a Constitution and State government for the State of Washoe, which was read a second time, ordered printed, and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. This bill provides for an election in 1863 (date left blank) for delegates to form a Constitution and State Government for the State of Washoe, the number of delegates and apportionment being left blank. At the same election a vote is to be taken "for a State Government" or "against a State Government," and the votes for delegates are only to be counted after it shall be made to appear that a majority of the electors have votes "for a State Government" and the Governor shall have proclaimed the fact. If the State Government is carried, the delegates elected are to meet at the Capital of the Territory (time not fixed), and have full power and authority to frame a Constitution and form a government for the State of Washoe, to be submitted to the qualified voters at an election to be ordered by the Convention, and if ratified by the people at such election (and not otherwise) such Constitution to be the supreme law of the new State of Washoe. The bill appropriates $3,000 for the pay of members and incidental expenses of the Convention.

This important measure comes up with startling suddenness, not having been brought about by any "outside pressure" whatever, at least so far as I am at present advised. The general impression of members with whom I have conversed on the subject heretofore has been that "Washoe" has not been sufficiently developed as a Territorial chrysalis to think at present of emerging into a butterfly.

Conclusion of the series in next issue.

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Fence-Walker

continued from page 31

hound, all curled up and dozing comfortably, his tail wrapped around him.

Another of our favorite friends was the horned lizard, Genus *Phrynosoma*, the "horny toad." This flat-bodied little reptile has a blunt snout, scale armor along his back and diminutive tail, and dagger-like spines fringing out from the back of his head. Yet in spite of his pugnacious appearance he is harmless, generally docile and easy to catch. He does, however, have a complete bag of tricks to discourage prospective captors.

From the outset, his mottled coloration makes him hard to spot, and he can alter it to blend in even better, becoming lighter in the sunlight and darker in the shade. Discovered, he will first flatten himself completely against the ground, hoping to pass for a rock or a leaf; failing in this he may inflate himself and hiss like a snake, looking as formidable as possible. Perhaps he will even butt and jab a few times, hoping to bluff off his tormentor. Unlike many lizards, he cannot decouple his tail and leave it behind to distract a pursuer—it would probably go unnoticed if he did! He does have a final remarkable recourse, however: he can actually spurt droplets of blood from his eye. We found this tactic to be disconcerting, but rarely employed.

Fence-Walker waited for any possible reaction.

Mealtime at the Meany-olium provided special opportunities for observation. Most of the lizards insisted on live food; the whiptails could be coaxed into taking a morsel of raw hamburger dangled on a thread. The meanies had ravenous appetites and devoured incredible quantities and sizes of insects. When our saurian hotel was filled, the boys spent hours collecting grasshoppers, cicadas, moths, grubs, and—until their mother found out about it—roaches. (At one point they were using her refrigerator to quick-freeze the surplus.) We even had to be wary of introducing smaller lizards into the cage, for we had noted

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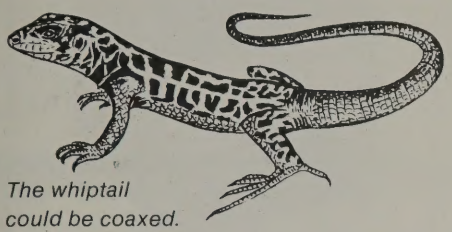
that a meany or leopard lizard made no useful distinction between a large cicada and a small sandswift!

The horned toads had a great appetite for red ants. Since they are nearsighted and slow-movers, the boys fed them by simply placing them near a convenient ant-hill, then sitting back to watch the ensuing performance. When an ant came into view, the



The whiptail could be coaxed.

horned lizard would shift his heavily armored body slightly, getting into position like some ponderous, camouflaged tank. Remaining perfectly still and watchful, he waited then for the ant to wander into range. Then, Zap! like the Linus blanket, the sticky prehensile tongue shot out and back in an instant, and the ant was gone. In a moment the episode was repeated, and then repeated again. So long as the ants kept coming, the lizard kept zapping, and made no move to leave. A single horned toad could easily put away a hundred red ants at a daily sitting, and show little evidence of being sated.

Despite their confinement, our wards ate very well and thrived as inhabitants of the Meany-olium. Once we even hosted a pregnant meanie. She buried her eggs properly in the sand, but they did not hatch. We were disappointed—baby meanies are delightful little creatures. About an inch or so in length, they are tiny replicas of their ferocious parents, even to the aggressive temperament. Sometimes this gets them into trouble, but generally it works to their advantage, for they are required to be entirely self-sufficient from the very beginning.

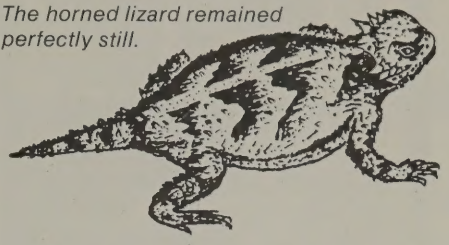
Since the horned toads are thought to be somewhat endangered, we kept them only for brief periods, returning them to their approximate place of capture. Actually, in the fall we released the entire lizard population back to their natural habitats, and started fresh again each spring. Sometimes we guessed that we had recaptured a resident of a previous year and that we were returning him for another summer's sojourn, but we were never certain.

We thought perhaps Fence-Walker was such a former occupant; this might explain his interest in the Meany-olium and his attempts to gain entry. In any case, when he visited the resident meanies they became quite agitated. He appeared to taunt them as he paced at the front of the cage and scratched at the mesh. Occasionally he paused to display his blue patches. Then after a while he withdrew and retraced his route, up and along the top of the wall, back to the security of his home base.

Fence-Walker took considerable risk in making these daily excursions—he was totally exposed for the entire round trip, and the neighborhood cats often used the very same pathway he did. Yet despite the obvious jeopardy, he persisted. Watching him returning from his latest foray, I wondered again, what was the attraction that took him regularly so far from home on his dangerous journey, and what was the payoff? Food was abundant where he lived. Perhaps he was seeking to mate, or to extend his territory—the display behavior was characteristic of both activities. We could never know for sure. Whatever the explanation, it certainly had a profound and effective influence upon his behavior.

As he arrived back at the step in the wall, he paused again to acknowledge my presence with a quick, calesthenic greeting, then disappeared into the waxy green foliage. Finishing my

The horned lizard remained perfectly still.



drink, I was struck by a weird thought: perhaps Fence-Walker was himself a devotee of lizard-watching. Maybe the cage and its inhabitants were attractive and interesting to him in the same way they were to us. In fact, I mused, at some reptilian level of consciousness he may even have fancied that *he* was the Keeper of the Meany-olium.

And for that matter, maybe he was.

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STRIKING IT RICH IN DOWNTOWN RENO

By Richard Menzies

With gold prices on the rise, more and more Nevadans are taking to the proverbial hills in search of all that glitters. Most of them are part-time prospectors who, armed with electronic metal detectors in place of the traditional pick and shovel and burro, spend their weekends panning streams and climbing mountains, earning mostly blisters for their trouble.

But in Reno, there's a weekend prospector who hasn't traveled far to strike it rich. His name is Charles Carpenter, 51, of Sparks. Carpenter makes his living as a conductor for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and on weekends he earns a little extra sluicing for gold in the Truckee River.

When Carpenter loads up his station wagon and sets out from his comfortable suburban home, he could be any one of several part-time gold seekers. But instead of heading for the nearby Sierra Nevadas, Carpenter drives to downtown Reno, where he has staked his claim underneath the Virginia Street bridge, right in the middle of Reno's business and gaming district.

Carpenter sets up base camp in the post office parking lot, unloads his $300 dollar mini-sluice and lowers it by rope over the bridge railing. Then he climbs down and wades out to the sand bar where, so far this summer, he has found nineteen gold rings.

The rings are there because of an old rumored custom in Reno, once the divorce mecca of the country. Divorcees are said to ceremoniously toss their wedding bands into the river, a theory many people have found hard to swallow. But Carpenter's good fortune seems to validate the legend.

When he fires up the gas-powered sluice and goes to work, Carpenter soon has a gallery of spectators leaning over the bridge railing. Many shout encouragement, and well wishers sometimes throw pennies. One bad sport, according to Carpenter, even threw a rock, but fortunately it missed.

Since he staked his claim on the Truckee in July, Carpenter has become a familiar sidewalk attraction in Reno and something of a folk hero. People have written and asked him to be on the alert for long lost jewelry. One man described a gold railroad watch dropped from the bridge years ago; a woman reported she had lost a pearl necklace. Another woman wrote from Albuquerque to say Carpenter's gold sluicing operation is morally wrong and he ought to be ashamed of himself.

But Carpenter isn't about to give up — at least not until the water gets too cold for wading. He says he's tried finding gold in remote streams in California, but he's done a lot better in the metropolitan Truckee. Whether his modest operation will ever make him rich remains to be seen; at any rate, it's a good excuse for a family outing and, adds Carpenter, "it pays better than those slot machines."

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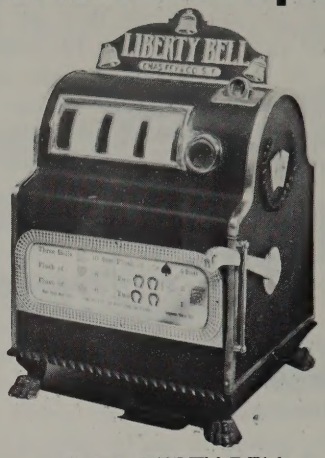

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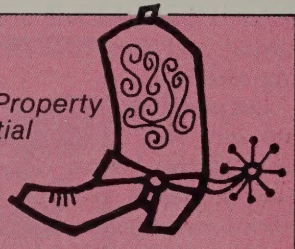

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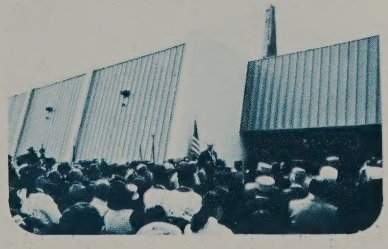

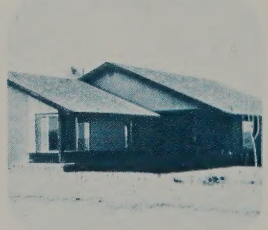

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